Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 74

Scared of my Past

The girl that was human trafficking-

Part: 2

Nevaeh had lovely holes, I remember when I had her knees hitting and pushed back onto her shoulders, she was always my girl, what happened to us and the love we had that was like having one soul united?

~Chaiz~

Portion: 1

Nevaeh- Merry Christmas and a wad, blown all over your face. I remember those days... I also remember the windshield of my 57, sounding like a gay fart every time, I would drive down the road past 55 MPH.

I also missed through the times before in fast hast, at all the moment when he flooded me with his chest covering love, the fast-lusting moments of me ripping away, in the need of remembering too yet my wanting to hold him closer, not get- pregnant. nevertheless, and fast fingering my newly

opened hole to spray all over his belly as did mine and even hit my face at times in times of pulling out, it was sweet and cute, always, that, always shy, and wonderful.

I remember doing TESA Sperm Aspiration on him long before we were together, I would say when 15 and I was about 14, I never thought that made him less of a man, just to ensure, I would have his baby and she never would. And, to have some of him even if he ended up with one of them, they would never have the gift of what was all mine after that only night, and the rest was up to what if

like something would happen to him for loving me.

He never knew and I never told him… that I did this; yet I knew that was the way it had to be, this worked on my mind also. I also remember Alissa Amsel is a blonde hair, blue-eyed girl as I made my way into the afterlife just for an abbreviated time between life and after, out of spite giving him a vasectomy after my death by her own crazy hands.

In Vitro Fertilization was what I wanted to have twin girls, yet only one lived, and the other was a stillbirth, even

in winning you sometimes lose, her name was Joylynn.

Anyway, I remember when I had matching hair braids the whole time, 'I was extremely pleased to discover that a big bonus of being pregnant was the pregnancy orgasms with a capital O. I endured having various orgasms before being pregnant, but it was never the average.

When I was pregnant, multiple orgasms became regular and expected.

My sex drive was in high gear and my body response was intense. Your body feels radiant and beautiful which

appends to your confidence. Kinship is intensified between you and your partner.

My husband was more careful at first (checking that I was okay and if the position suited me as I got further along in the pregnancy), but soon discerned I was very okay and experiencing things a lot.

'For me, sex during pregnancy is incredible - like mind-blowing fun and excitement. I feel like a true life-giving, orgasm-having, divinely feminine, sex goddess!

I had no idea pregnant sex and masturbation were so great until I experienced them.

The enhanced orgasms and heightened sensibilities of pregnant sex are a serious consolation prize for the current discomforts that women experience in pregnancy like queasiness, extreme exhaustion, breast tenderness, etc.

So, to all the mamas out there feeling silly or shocked by their bodies' desire to get down while they gestate: If there is no medical reason for holding

back, then do yourself (and your partner) a favor and get freaky.'

‘Why is when having love when you have voices in your head from others loitering in your mind is about the same as having the belief that you did when your daddy and everyone was in the room looking at you are taking your first poop, and then start clapping for you after the fact of witnessing?’

They hate everything they do not realize that is why everything is misunderstood; all their no thoughts and it is all unclear.

Our common acknowledgment of its beauty and wonder allowed us into the grand marble hall lined with elaborately carved columns straight out of ancient Greek times.

~*~

Things I never thought of living in a small town that was the world to me, yet more to them.

Naddalin gazes around, face a mask of absolute wonder as she takes it all in.

‘I haven’t been here since-’

I peer at her, holding my breath, dying to know the details of the last time she was here.

‘Since I came to find you.’

I squint, unsure what that means.

‘Sometimes-’ She looks at me. ‘I was blessed enough to just spring upon you, ending up in the same place at just the right time.

Though often I’d have to wait a few times before it was just to meet.’

‘You mean you were spying on me?’ I gape, hoping it was not as creepy as it sounds. ‘When I was a kid?’

She cringes, averting her gaze when she says, ‘No, not spying, Never-Ever. Please. What do you take me for?’ She chuckles and rocks her head. ‘It was more like-keeping tabs.

Patiently waiting until the time was right. Although the last few times when I was unable to find you, no matter how hard I tried-and believe me, I tried, living like a wanderer, itinerant from place to place, sure I had missed you forever- I decided to come here. Furthermore, I went into some friends who showed me the way.’

‘Neville and Rayne.’ I nod, neither hearing nor seeing the answer in her head, but somehow sensing it is true.

Surmounted by an instantaneous rush of the blame for failing to even think of them until now. Not even questioning how they might be, where they might be, until a second ago.

‘You know them?’ Her squints, surprised.

I squeeze my lips unitedly, comprehending I will have to tell her the rest of the tale, the parts I had hoped to flee.

‘They led me here too-’ I pause, taking a deep breath and looking away, fancying to take in the place than meet her puzzled gaze. ‘They were at Ava’s- or at least Rayne was.

Neville was out’ I shake my head and start again. ‘Sher was out trying to help you when you-’

I close my eyes and sigh, deciding to just show her alternately. Everything. All of it. Including the parts, I was too self-conscious to put into words. Projecting the conclusions of that day until no more secrets are connecting us. Letting her know how hard they fought to

save her, while I was too stubborn, refusing to listen.

Nevertheless, alternatively of being conquered as I feared, she places her hands on my shoulders, contemplating at me with indulgence as she deems, what is done is arranged. We must walk ahead, there is no staring backward.

I remember the new laws after the impressions take over that were made to all young women, like me at the age of five in the crunch with the golden dooms. When the vagina was stitched shout and our clitoris must be cut off flush with a

razor blade along with inner and outer lips by the hands of our dads, to only feel the love with a marriage, it was the new world orders to a young woman whose values were their vagina.

Then ripping back into the moment, I regain my life, at the present. I walk inside a dark auditorium with sticky floors, worn seats, and the scent of buttery popcorn saturating the air. Narrowing down the aisle and deciding the best seat in the home, the one midway down and dead center, I prop my feet on the chair simply before me as the lights go faint and a huge tub of popcorn arrives

in my lap. Seeing the red drapes withdraw as the large, brilliant screen forces to flicker and flash in an abundance of concepts that suddenly fly past.

Although instead of the suspension I had anticipated for all I get is a list of clips of films I have already seen. Succeeding in a handmade montage of my family's most amusing times, elevated straight from my old life, and straightening to a soundtrack that only Riley could make.

Portion: 2

Nevaeh- being the wife remember us and the feelings of, I want to keep you up, fuck me until the daylight, he said, ‘I taste like candy,’ like an open door, he would come inside it over and over, we started at midnight and Go 'til the sunrise.

With Intimate Missionary Fuck 'm in your favorite position with my legs spread, with no shame spraying like a young married woman hard and screaming his name, exposing my pussy and asshole and soles while you stroke your cock for me until you are ready to

cum hard!! I do love him to this day. Even if it is hard to show for me.

Then after, me being 4 foot 2 inches or so, then I would step into the shower with him, and he would lay his big dick right on top of my head and tap it on me to show his cute love for me. Means I want to'69' with you.

He would lick in-between what he said was a sweet little line of a pussy in my mid-twenties, ah, and bend his deep tongue down in and get a lick full of my running out cum to shallow the best days of my life.

To have me naked holding me in her arms, and to be held for is the best feeling in the world.

Then again, my mind also drifts to the moments when... even when at that moment, at that time... remembering my 'sped' teachers in class a year or so earlier making the raspberry sound with their tongue flapping out of his lips of his mouth, making that slabbering tone, well doing a hard jacking motion with his hand at where his dick would be as if he were not wearing pants.

I remember my recorder of documents in Phycology as the girl the

students (Human Trafficking) to the staff of Oak View Schools and county via (Local Education Agency.)

Special education (also known as special-needs education, aided education, exceptional education, special ed., SEN, or SPED) is the practice of educating students in a way that addresses their differences and special needs.

Ideally, this process involves the individually planned and systematically monitored arrangement of teaching procedures, adapted equipment and materials, and accessible settings.

These interventions are designed to help individuals with special needs achieve a higher level of personal self-sufficiency and success in school and in their community, which may not be available if the student were only given access to typical classroom education.

The Individuals with Disabilities Education Act (IDEA) requires each student with disabilities who receives special education services to have an IEP an educational program written just for him or her. Second, IEP helps the school meet your special needs. It also helps you plan educational goals for yourself.

(IEP) and staff- enslave people like me- Neaveh against their will, either because of the profit or because of a belief that certain people are worthless or because of a system of abuse and crime that they were raised in.

I remember all the exploitation, the action or fact of treating someone unfairly to benefit from their work. You know the fact of making use of a situation to gain an unfair advantage for oneself.

(Beyond cultural practices, the profit, vulnerabilities of certain people groups, lack of human rights, economic instability, and more, traffickers are the

ones who choose to exploit people for their gain.)

Traffickers generate a large profit not with sex but all other factors in trafficking kids into programs for pay, teachers like chairs of Special Education (Local Education Agency) member of at my school, made cases of taking Poverty, into play to Trafficking kids for payments, thus giving kids with lack of education, a lack of education can lead to decreased opportunities for work at a living wage, and it can also lead to a decreased knowledge in rights.

Both outcomes can cause people to be at a greater vulnerability to human trafficking. Kids like me, a victim have vulnerabilities of which traffickers of the past have taken advantage of. (Sex was in my past at any time.)

Lack of human rights for vulnerable groups, Traffickers can prey on these marginalized groups because they lack the protection of law enforcement, their families, and even the society they live in.

Also, when countries lack fundamental laws regarding human rights, traffickers feel as though they can

get away with what they are doing more easily.

A lack of human rights laws can also end in punishment for victims if the laws and government do not recognize that human trafficking is the exploitation of other people. The county lacks legitimate economic opportunities when people like the victim of Nevaeh lack legitimate economic opportunities, which can also lead to increased vulnerability of human trafficking that has taken place via past reports.

Groups that are especially vulnerable in this area are migrants

without work permits, those who lack education, those who live in rural areas where there are fewer jobs available, as well as certain ethnic groups who may not be able to get jobs due to discrimination.

Social factors and cultural practices, keeping them in the situation through drugs, violent force, threats, and more. forced labor in the case of me has regressed educations, as you know. Safety concerns or economic opportunities town-based law enforcement only for the victim.

Remember that enforcing human rights, helping people access education,

and helping to increase economic opportunities for people are just a few ways that we can address causes and help prevent human trafficking for future generations.

‘I SHOULD NOT BE AT THE RECEIVING END OF SOMEONE's BUTT HOLE, TO TAKE THEIR DIARRA RUNS TO MY FACE, OF SHIT ON ME, I AM NOT A TOILET.’ Said 29-year-old Nevaeh.

I reclined back on my childhood bed, weak to keep feelings of him out of my head. My eyes flutter close as I imagine him right here with me like in nights past, I know it is wrong. His

passionate whiff blew beneath my head, previously causing my back to rise off the bed just slightly. God, he has not even felt me. His right hand begins to caress my soft, hairless skin. I groan slightly as he brushes my already hard, small pink nipples before his hand traces down my side.

'The soft Hands.'

He speaks solely next to my ear, his speech deep and stern. My lips part as I bring my hands together and to him. He grabs my ankles, holding them above my head.

He taps my head twice whilst looking deep into my eyes, his own eyes dark and swirling with a hunger for a child. The view delivers me gulps to let out, and I feel a beat down below.

Then pappy lifts his eyebrows at my insufficiency of acceptance and I soon respond in reaction to his hushed guidance to keep my legs exactly where they are up and past my ears in the air, yet the same as it was with my husband, and this was always in the back of my mind. No rope just my arms wrapped around my legs.

Part- 3

My sister left me her teddy bear when she passed on it was the only thing I had and remembered about Naddalin.

It really should have been our teddy bear. Dad won it for both of us at the County Fair when we all were in strollers at one of those rigged balloon popping games. Then presently later the accident... or so it was called.

Who knows how much cash he must have emitted into amusing us as small girls before his death, but he could have purchased the real thing instead of the fuzzy, plush, solely too comfortable teddy bear?

Our dad separated the name became part of the family, a symbolic memory of how our family got through the tragedy.

Technically it was both of ours, but it had to stay in one room this was given to Naddalin.

-And-

While I got visiting some bedtimes, as time went on my dad became less energetic about enforcing the rule about sharing, until even I commenced to think of it as heirs.

I assume we had our regular share of mettle, but I survived in awe of my sister. Like every younger sister even if only like one-minute younger.

I assume we had our regular share of mettle, but I survived in awe of my sister. Like every younger sister even if only like one-minute younger.

I remember- I was always very shy around girls, never knew how to speak to them, and had never asked a girl out. I had just turned around 13 (when this event happened) and was living at home with my parents and my twin sister Lilly.

There had been this clash when I was still in junior high when my sister was a first-year student like me, but I was always there for her as she was for me, where the neighborhood and age difference proved a barrier as did our categories. But once I got to high school, there was a gradual blending of our worlds.

For the past few years, we had been nearly joined, exactly like when we were kids. We played when we could get away in the hayfields together after I would run away, loved the same art teacher, and on some nights when I woke

up from a particularly bad night terror, she let me sneak into her bed over her dads, head nuzzled against her small breasts, comforted by the sound of her breathing...

I remember Buttercup, her sweet white lab that stands behind her always even until this day, as her best friend. Tongue straining toward her nose, licking like mad, trying to get to the chunk of peanut butter she had dabbled there.

I have had night terrors since the occurrence. I cannot say that Lily became like a mom, that would have been too much to ask, but she tried to bridge the

gap for me and us even if it when over my head at times. She answered all those embarrassing questions, helped me through those uncomfortable topics and earlier bras, even if my chest never transformed to her stature just like mine.

It was a weekend in the summer and our parents just thought we were in our beds for the night had gone away for a break from school days, leaving home behind. I had worked most of the weekend, filling lots of my free time laying on my bed masturbating over my thoughts.

I knew it was wrong to have such powerful, poetic, and amatory feelings for my sister, but I did not consider it. I loved her in a way that no relative can legally love her sister. She felt the same way about me. So, whatever occurred I remembered I had to find a way for this to stretch into tomorrow.

I agreed without procrastination. Subsequent brushing my teeth and having a quick shave I climbed into the tub and stood seeing Lily as she soaped her body all over…

Then presented numerous shows of raising individually her two boobs and

soaping beneath including then shifting the sponge between her legs and cleaning along her pussy furthermore amid her amazing arose cheeks. Lily's hair was fastened up in a spray-on top of her head and, without any makeup, she looked almost innocent.

Lily stretched over and accumulated up the shaving gel and worked it into a lather which she spread over her legs. I had never presumed that watching a girl shaving her legs could be so exciting!

-And-

Like even though it is not at all what I had hoped for, I know it is important all the same. She promised she would find a way to communicate with me, comforting me that just because, I bottled seeing her anymore by my guardian's wishes does not mean she is not still around even if.

Once she had done her legs, then lathered her pubes and her groin. My throat was dry as I watched her shaving around her pussy, clearing away the traces of stubble that had grown over the weekend.

She gazed at me regarding her. 'It needs to be ingested periodically or else it gets itchy,' she said. 'Moreover, I don't want it be uneven across your tongue and face.' She grinned broadly as she announced that last minute and I obtained it arduous to swallow, such was my enthusiasm.

She closed and scrubbed away the pieces of the foam and turned off the shower. She leaned back upon the wall and raised one leg onto the edge of the bath, letting the lips of her pussy draw apart, exposing her inner lips.

Her shaved pussy looked sumptuous, and I sunk to my knees in front of her, grabbing the cheeks of her butt and pulling her hips towards me.

I stuck my tongue out as she began to grind her pussy on my face. I tasted her juices springing to drip on my lips, as I grasped her clit into my mouth and engulfed it.

She cried as I examined her with my tongue and licked over her clit. I accelerated blandly against her legs and got her to turn around and lean forward against the glass wall.

She raised her leg again to the side of the bath and I launched my head between her thighs and continued to slurp up and along her pussy lips from behind.

As I worked on the mouth of her love, I could feel my nose press tight against her butthole. I slowly kissed her along her pussy from her clit to her butt and, without deliberate purpose, commenced to investigate her wrinkled rosebud like privates with my tongue.

She shook her hips and let out a moan.

'That seems so nice.' I pushed my tongue harder, and her sphincter unwinds, and my tongue probed into her butt.

My finger was brushing across her clit as my tongue was fucking her butt.

-Then-

Her waters were overflowing out of her pussy furthermore I understood it would not be prolonged before she came on my face.

My tongue left her butt and initiated its way back to her clit and I

overheard her moan with what seemed like a failure at me ditching her butt.

My tongue left her tight butthole and initiated its way back to her clit and I overheard her moan with what seemed like a failure at me leaving her.

Her moans of regret soon turned to whimpers of satisfaction when I restored my tongue with a finger sliding into the opening of her now relaxed gaping rosery pink and black deep butthole.

I absorbed her clit into my mouth as I examined more mysterious, and more recondite with my finger… ever-so

promiscuous with her butt hole with my finger while I was still sucking on her clit.

'Oh yes,' moaned, 'Don't stop! I am going to come. Please don't stop!!!'

I improved the speed of my finger in and out of her butt hole and my tongue was licking over her clit. Quickly, I felt her waters squirt from her pussy including into my mouth and coating over my face.

Her hips were swaying back and forth, pressing my finger more profound into her rectum. ‘Oh God, I'm, coming! That is so-o good!’

Lily was pounding her butt hole onto my finger as she came all over my face, her sphincter was contracting tightly onto my finger as if she were draining it. The feel of her sweaty, perfumed juices coating my mouth and lips was spiritual.

Then ultimately dwindled and waggled her butt hole off my finger and her body was shaking with tremors that still surged through her.

'Oh my God, that was wondrous,' she sniffled. She transformed into me and we kissed deeply, running our hands,

fingers, and palms over each other's bodies.

We embraced each other tightly for a while and I could feel her heart beating like a drum through her chest. Something that I longed to remember.

She shifted away from me, rose out of the tub, and held a towel up to her chest, bequeathing her lush behind bare as for me to stare at... 'Come with me - let us go to my room,' she replied. Furthermore, unfastening the door, I immediately got out of the tub and grabbed my towel, and watched her.

I could not help but stare at her butt hole, watching those wonderful buttocks oscillating and wiggling as she walked.

Lily glimpsed back over her shoulder and tittered. 'Do you like what you see?' She answered. 'Don't you get tired of gazing at my butt?'

'Never!' I answered. 'How could I ever grow bored of seeing your butt hole? I love watching every part of you. Your body is the most beautiful there too.'

Lily smiled several times and shook her a bit.

As she entered her bedroom, she dropped her towel and leaned forward so her butt was sticking out and I could see the outline of her pussy gushing out between her legs. She turned her head to look at me and, seeing my bulging eyes and hungry mouth, she laughed. 'You like it, don't you?' She speaks. 'It makes me so excited to see you looking at me like that!'

Lily stood up and walked over to me, draped her arms over my shoulders, and rubbed her breasts against my chest. She tilted her head forward and began to kiss me hard on the lips, probing her

tongue deep into my mouth as she sucked my lips.

Pulling away, she pushed me so that I lay down on her bed with my feet on the floor. She knelt in front of me and grabbed my swollen cock and kissed my head, licking her tongue all over it to suck out the pre-cum that was already oozing out.

I was happy with this as it meant I could spend an evening doing what I loved (surfing the net watching porn) at home alone with no chance of getting caught. Since I was going to be alone all night, I stayed downstairs rather than

going to my room. I had recently found an adult site where you could go on camera with other people and get naked and jerk off. As you never had to show your face, it was perfect for someone as shy as me and I found it to be a huge turn to have people looking at me as I played slowly with my cock while chatting with the people watching. I had been on the site chatting with a few people for a while with my camera focused on my shorts.

We were nothing alike, a constant source of anguish for an introvert like me. Madison was like my girlfriend for 3 weeks before the sisters got to her

anyway, she was blonde, I had darker chestnut hair. We were both pretty but in a separate way. Or I was cute, and she was hot.

She laughed with pleasure, moved in front of me, and kissed me.

We left the house and took the bus. We would have to change again along the route to get to our destination. The journey would take about an hour. We sat as close as possible, our thighs in remarkably close contact while avoiding any overt displays of affection until we were a safe distance from our neighborhood. Once we changed buses,

we felt more away from prying eyes so we could hold hands and behave more affectionately.

She had a flamboyant, flirtatious personality as I was the dark, brooding artist, more interested in my sketchbook than boys. She belonged to the prom queen or the chief cheerleader, although both postures were below her. I was more of the shy, cool girl in the comic bookstore, the mythical one who loves artwork.

I did not know what I was going to do without my sister. All my friends had been inherited, and there was this

gnawing fear that my popularity would decline without it.

-And-

That I would not do anything to stop it.

Of course, I had more difficulty with the course of his move. It made me cry a few times (an easy thing to do), remembering too much of the day we went through all of Mom's stuff, deciding what to keep and what to throw away. I remember thinking identical thoughts on every object, from the old torn and stained script from that first-year student room to those Taco Bell commercials.

Stupid, I know, but everything they made me throw away made me feel like it was another part of her that I would forget. It was the same with mom. Each of those things came imbued with a memory, and yes, I could just hang on to that time we stole a box of advertising brochures and built them into a paper house while Martin frantically searched for them.

But what if I did?

What if I forget that Madison, a major English newspaper, shot The Grapes of Wrath? How did I notice the spelling error just before the fifth period

when it was too late to do anything? What if I forgot that seedy-looking trapper she wore to class those days she bothered to bring so many pencils?

There were a lot of patient arguments (okay, tantrums) as we were deciding what to pack, what to keep, and what to throw away.

Ok, so I did not take it well.

I inherited enough nonsense to be an open door to a hoarding documentary, but the big booty was her old computer now that she had a new laptop to take with her to college.

And of course, Ted Danzon, who started serving as a pillow/substitute sister.

I would sleep on his oversized chest, wrapping his heavy arms around me, noticing that he still smelled like her…

The school had been the hardest, it was a place I had only known through Madison, my longing through the high school maze. Feeling alone and isolated, I withdrew a lot early in my senior year, fueling my depression. I had this thought, the idea that mom's death had been

harder on everyone because daddy and Madison had to take care of me.

I was wallowing.

It was a month before I used the computer to complete district testing registration. But once I was done, I started clicking casually, finding a treasure trove of memories. There were pictures of all of us, different plays, and short stories I had written, memes and jokes inside, enough virtual nostalgia claptrap to keep me satisfied for weeks...

I do not even know not what something was labeled. Madison tended to name her files according to the feeling

she currently wanted to express. So, the documents titled Fuck Me or Ms. M Takes It Up the Ass were old homework. But I was doing extensive research, truly delving into the depths of self-pity when I first saw...

Madison leaned against the gigantic teddy bear, her legs and ass exposed in it. tight black volleyball shorts. But there was no sports bra or uniform on her bareback. It was almost tasteful, like a 1950s cheesecake a woman might send to her soldier.

Still, my eyes lingered on the bulge of her breasts, her nipples hidden by Ted's fur.

I gave him a knowing look, then let out a laugh.

I knew my sister was having sex. Telling me the details as part of the deal in exchange for my blanket with Dad. But it was new. But from the timestamp on the webcam, I could not match the photo with an ex-boyfriend.

Did she just do this for fun?

There were dozens of other photos and videos in the innocently titled

file. For days, I blocked my curiosity, trying to respect her privacy even as these rationalizations crept into my head. We had showered together in the team. I had seen her naked and I knew all about the three men she had fucked.

But it became an obsession. Most of all, I remembered the look on her face, how much fun she seemed to be enjoying in this private display of exhibitionism.

It was so much for her.

And yet I was not entirely thinking about his face. I tried to rationalize it even as I squirmed in my

seat, trying to pretend my pussy was not responding to these incestuous thoughts.

I promised not to snoop around, so I started drawing, trying to recreate the idyllic image, needing to capture how beautiful it was with my pencil.

And that is where it started…

I decided to watch again, just for reference, forcing myself not to think about the stinging humidity under my waist.

More than a few times during the week, I had resorted to rubbing my pussy against my favorite blanket. I know this

sounds like a silly way to masturbate. Madison even bought me a vibrator; I just was not ready to use it.

I walked in, content to let the desire grow and develop until I let it out, rubbing my thighs together against my Mickey Mouse blanket. There was something about it, the texture, the release after waiting for weeks. But often it upset me emotionally and I started to cry.

Once Madison heard me, rushed into the bedroom to check on me. I was only wearing a t-shirt; afraid she would know what I had just done. And with the

orgasm still not subsidized yet and my tears flowing, my sister held me back, cuddling me until I calm down.

...And then...

It embarrassed me how I remembered it rather than what happened. I tried to tell myself it was natural. That I was too inexperienced because I could not deny the truth.

It had been the best sex of my life.

Is masturbation sex? Not technically, but emotionally? Mentally?

I like to think that sexual expression is still special when it happens on its own. Masturbation can be self-love instead of self-hate if it is not always seen as a substandard substitute. I was just eighteen, but I had been happy to take my time with myself, perpetually petrified of feeling silly at the end of yet another climax.

Until now, I thought I was looking for that vibrator Madison bought me, stopped only by the thought of what she would think of her sister fucking herself for the first time in her naughty photos. So, I imposed my feelings, rationalizing

them, focusing on creating each line exactly like the pixelated vision on the screen.

I finished by lifting my drawing to see the two images of my sister with her teddy bear.

She looked perfect.

I should have stopped then. All I can say is I paused, desperately trying to stop before I clicked through the rest of the gallery.

I saw her spin around, her nipples hard and swollen, one hand playfully twisting them, the other moving down

into her black butt. The camera roll burst out, creating these animated GIF presentations of my sister gently pulling down, hiding her pussy as her tits and hair bounced.

Then she put her hands on her hips.

My eyes went straight to her bare vagina, just like her striptease wanted.

Of course, I had seen her naked, but not like this, so overtly sexual in the first of a dozen frontal photos. And Madison was beaming, almost dizzy with a natural smile.

I had not touched myself, yet, but I could feel the fabric of my underwear against my pussy as I compulsively opened and closed my legs. It was not just a little damp anymore now, my panties were soaking wet, clinging to my pussy as I tried to hide the little tingle of pleasure, I was having by moving just a little against the bear's leg. plush.

I could see Madison between her legs, spreading her thighs and using two fingers to open her lips like a professional. I gasped, really seeing inside my sister in a dozen more close-

ups, then the camera pulled back to a different position.

This time I saw my sister in a remarkably similar position to what I was doing, only facing the opposite direction. Her legs were spread between our teddy bear's thigh, her arms wrapped around Ted's shoulders as if she were sitting naked in her boyfriend's lap.

Then the photos turned into another animation, showing my sister crushing her pussy and landing on the teddy bear's thigh. Her butt clenched, her head tilted back, facing the camera, an

expression of pure ecstasy on her face as she trembled on the plush.

Was I watching her cum?

When I confessed to her that I rubbed my blanket between my legs, so afraid of looking stupid, she reassured me that I was normal.

Madison said she first used a stuffed animal… to just like me.

At the time, I was too embarrassed to think about it. She was a help to me more than I remembered until now, I had forgotten her to this point, and now it is back in my mind that she was a

friend of mine, if not more than that, yet I was brainwashed to forget her love.

I looked away from my sister's naked body, absolutely shining on the screen, before realizing how much I was rocking on Teddy, the one that is on the cover of all my books of life in my stories of Sh-h. His fur seemed to stand on end in the right way, his skin had exactly the right texture against my skin… I thought about it, again for a moment.

My panties never got down my ankles as I moved up and down my leg to a person's waist. I twisted and turned, using my hands to hold him still as I slid

up and down, too excited to care about the utter humiliation if I was discovered in that position. The computer continued to play the animation, me mimicking my sister upside down, rubbing as her naked body tickled me over and over in my few moments of concentration.

Our teddy bear felt so good against my clit.

I adjusted, removing my panties and shirt so that I could imitate my sister, fully naked and intimate with our teddy bear. Then I sat down against him, adjusting to the perfect position. I held his leg a bit with my hands, leaning a bit

for leverage as I spun, using my muscular thighs to squeeze myself around him as I pulled back.

I craned my neck, struggling both to see and soothe my aching pussy. I could feel the tingling rise in my pelvis, the early beginnings of climax unleashing warm white warning flashes as I reached my final, only stopping long enough to watch Madison one last time.

God, she was so beautiful. And Teddy will be with me in my arms forever; he holds all my past, as a loving friend… that understands my dark past and good times alike.

I convulsed, almost falling out of Ted as the most powerful orgasm in life overpowered my inexperienced cock. I was shaking and struggling so suddenly that the only thing holding me in place was my desperate desire for more. The last waves of ecstasy slowed me down, turning me into a heap of melted contentment …curdled instantly in remorse and loneliness. I cried, starting even before the end of my orgasm, pouring out a hideous mixture of tears and mucus in Ted Danson, his plush arms tied around me. I hugged him tightly,

letting him cuddle me, trying again to smell my sister on the fresh musk of sex.

It was enough to think of her, holding me after hysterical crying... what to soothe me to sleep.

I cannot know what I was dreaming about and what I just wish I had imagined this vividly, but I had this image of Madison lying naked next to me.

Stroke my hair… Understand how I felt for her.

No tie on our schoolchild uniforms. The ultimate test of submission. I watch her lips turn into a smirk. She

controls my body so much and he loves it. I love this.

She gets up from my bed. Her eyes absorb my body. The rise and fall of my chest, my jagged, almost audible breath, the way my hips cannot help but rise with the slightest movement. I watch her carefully and she kneels on the edge of the bed. She taps my ankles and I eagerly spread his legs. She lifts my right leg and kisses me along my foot, her eyes pierce mine. I cannot look away. She lets go of my leg, puts it back on the bed, my soul on the mattress. She repeats with the other leg. My God, I am already soaked

for her. She runs his hands over my smooth shins, over my knees, down to my thighs.

Part: 3

Cast one's Mind Back to

I just remembered what happened to me to regress me down at times… like a brick to the forehead knocking you out it woke me up.

'Yes, Pappy. I remember saying deep in my mind of thoughts.

I close my eyes. Suddenly she slaps the inside of my thighs. I gasp, my eyes open.

'Eyes on me.' The tone of his voice warned me. My only warning.

The skin at the point of impact stings deliciously as I whisper 'Yes,' My pappy hands roam the inside of my thighs, gently massaging where they are now slightly pink.

'Yes what?' She asks, as he positions his body between my legs, her head lowering where I need him most.

The next night I remember the day past of my breathing quickening with anticipation.

'Yes, Pappy.

I moan. I bite my lip as he smiles. He looks down at my painful little pussy. My toes are already curling. 'Oh, my God…' I look at her and moan softly as he places small kisses along her side. Along the inside of my thighs. Along the lips of my bald pussy. I swallow as he spreads my legs wider. I feel his breath against my clit. I fucking need him. I cannot help but lift my hips, bringing my pussy to her face. A nasty smile appears on his lips as he pulls his head away. I moan as he shakes his head. He appreciates it too much. But, God, me too.

He kisses my belly, breasts, neck, and jaw. I moan his name. Her lips finally find mine and it takes all my strength to keep my hands where they are. My back arches to meet his body, wanting to feel him close to me. He suddenly rubs against my bare pussy; I throw my head back as I gasp in pleasure. Damn, if only he did not have those boxers. He buries his face in my neck, inhaling me as he continues to squeak. My breathing became stronger against his ears.

'Please... baby...' I moan breathlessly. He stops. Then I feel his teeth against my neck. I moan loudly. My

hands break and find his back, my fingernails dig in as his teeth dig into my skin. I moan aloud to him, 'Fuck…' He licks my neck to soothe his mark.

He moves his mouth to my ear, and I hold on to my teddy- that knows all that happened, 'Oh. When did I say you can move your hands?' I moan as I begin to plead with him.

Suddenly I rolled over onto my stomach and lifted to stay on all fours. He stands behind me. What the fuck did I do - My thoughts are interrupted as I collapse forward in surprise at the first spanking, the sound crackles in the air.

'Come back.' He orders. I quickly resume the position on all fours. Of them. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven eight. New. I grin as his hand touches my ass-tingling pink cheek for the tenth and final time. My skin is on fire as he gently massages my cheek. Place a little kiss there. My breathing is irregular as he rolls over onto my back. He strokes the side of my face, pushing my hair behind my ears.

He traces his thumb along my lips as he whispers, 'Good girl.' I moan for him, my whole body on fire. Need him more than ever. He starts again along my body, separating my legs with his hands. I

can feel my juices flowing as I bite my lip. I know he sees it as he reaches for my soaking wet pussy. He is laughing.

'Such a nice girl. Look how wet you are.' He takes his finger and runs it to my smooth slit. He brings his finger towards me and I open my mouth immediately. He puts his finger in it and I close my mouth, sucking on it. My tongue swirls as I moan to my liking. I watch his jaw tighten at the sensation. He takes her out and goes back down to her. I watch him, watching for his next move. He licks slowly with his face full of his tongue between my folds, finding my clit and

sucking it. My hand immediately found her hair as I tangled my fingers in it, my eyes narrowing as my back arched off the bed. I moan as he moans against her, sending vibrations all over my body.

Suddenly, his tongue rushes into me. He kisses my pussy with his tongue as my hands grip the sheets. 'Shit!' I grind my hips to the beat as he fucks my pussy. My foot resting on his back between his shoulder blades. I moaned at the sudden loss of her tongue from inside me, but it was quickly replaced by two of her fingers, her tongue returning to my pulsating little clit. I moan loudly as my

hands reach my breasts, kneading them as he pumps his fingers in and out of my pussy. Inside and outside. Inside and outside. Her tongue works my clit so skillfully. My toes are starting to curl, and I can feel that familiar sensation rise in the pit of my stomach.

'Damn baby!' I moan breathlessly. A hand comes back to her hair as I pull it lightly, her fingers working faster and faster. Inside and outside. Inside and outside. 'Oh my God I'm going to cum pappy!' I screamed as he wanted me to say. 'Don't stop, fuck don't stop…' I moan as my legs start to shake.

Suddenly he curls his fingers inside me, hitting that spot that drives me completely insane as he sucks my clit.

My body explodes into its first orgasm. I scream her name as my back lifts off the bed, my body shaking and convulsing under her spell. My legs start to try to close, the sensitivity of my pussy almost unbearable as he continues his beautiful assault on her, his hands spreading my legs, his fingers digging into my thighs. Hunger.

'Baby... damn!' I cry out as my back lifts off the bed again, my hand bumping against the mattress, gripping

the sheets as my knuckles turn white. His fingers pull back from my gushing pussy as I moan for him. His tongue licks my sensitive pussy, almost calming her. My body spasms as it rubs against my clit.

'Shit.' I whisper. He is completely pulling himself out of my pussy now, not before shamelessly slapping her. Make my back arched again. I watch him lick his lips with a broad smirk playing on it. I moan, a small smile playing on mine as well. Out of print.

I open my heavy eyes. My fingers are soaked. I sigh and laugh to myself. He did not even touch me.

I am so nervous that I can hardly think clearly. All the other friends of mine have gone further than that, at yet they were much older than I am quite sure I am the only non-virgin in my school at the age I was then the trigger in my memories of not any less than 8 and more than 4 sold as a slave to my granddad allowed by the county I was in and by the school hush up for money and shaming me for life. '

Concentrate on your homework!' It was the order of all the adults in my life. I broke down from the second year, a full drive to a prestigious college did not

allow for much distraction. It meant I was on my way to being a valedictorian, I did not have much of social life. A few study groups friends, people I talked to in my extracurricular activities but did not think there was anything else for me.

That is until I take my sex education class. I was there the day of Ms. Higgs's lesson. It is a little embarrassing, but it was the first woman I had ever seen naked.

My parents pay a lot for the ultimate purity filters on every device in the house. But there, that day, I learned my real obsession, I love breasts.

The way Ms. Higgs's breasts swayed in the air as she danced for class, the way they bounced up and down as she straddled me in middle school, the way they flew as she was then pounded by Mr. Coach of Ellis Lynam of the middle-grade football team.

I was like everyone else that day, one hand in my pants until I messed up my pants. Unlike everyone else, I did not have anyone to go with later. I still use these memories to go down, the bounce of those breasts was hypnotic. But I wish they had been bigger.

Ava, I had become obsessed with Lily and me and would not stop looking at our breasts, the smaller girls were the better ones, but desperate for women. Still, some of the guys decided to help me, keep her off me and her. That is how I got here, behind the gymnasium bleachers with Lily one time.

Ava, wanted a new car, and she knew how to get it, she was 14 and gorgeous, yet I was given mine a year letter, and no I understand why even Hope had a heart to my past, she felt bad or something. Ava was just like me, in every way and now I forgave her. I even

had my days when Ava and I like, liked each other, yet that ended fast, over I liked Lily more.

In Ava's teens, I remember her big smiling brown hair, you just wanted to watch, an hourglass figure and breasts. She would date you for fifty dollars, a hundred dollars and you could feel her standing, two hundred had her topless, five hundred and she would have sex. Rumor had it that for a thousand she would let you cum inside. I only had two hundred. It was all we knew how to do.

I remember the times I was into letting Ava get her way...

Her voice is a mixture of sarcasm and boredom as she leans against one of the metal brackets, her shirt completely unbuttoned and her bra on the floor.

I mean something sexy, being the suave type of thug and getting her sucked into me. Instead, my voice cracks when I ask, 'How tall are they?'

'Oh shit, are you one of those? Here, I thought I was with her, there could be a stimulating little conversation. Instead, are you just going about cup sizes? Anything or am I going to stay here and catch a cold while you jerk off to my bra size? '

It was hard to move, just the sight of those amazing breasts made me so hard. Pale, perfectly rounded, creamy bell-shaped breasts that appeared to be more than what could fit in each hand. The areola on each was perfectly round and just maybe two shades darker than the rest of her skin, topped with just the smaller pink nipples. I walked slowly, finally close enough to smell her rose scent. My hands started to lift slowly.

'We don't have all day!' She said angrily and grabbed my wrists and pushed my hands to her chest. The warmth of those breasts in my hands

contrasted directly with her icy demeanor. 'See! Just breasts. Feel them, squeeze them, pinch my nipples, jerk off and step outside.'

I stuck my fingers in, surprised by their flexibility despite their firmness and cheerfulness. Her skin moved between my fingers as I squeezed it, then quickly returned to its shape as I let go.

My thumbs lightly rubbed her nipples as I continued to grope her breasts and I was rewarded with a slight moan as they hardened. I looked her in the eye, just stroking her breasts and stroking her tiny nipples.

The tough girl was leaving, replaced by a girl who enjoyed what I was doing. I leaned in and gave her a soft kiss on the mouth, my first kiss.

Before I could walk away, I felt his hand on the back of my head holding me back and his tongue pierced my lips to claim my mouth. I grabbed her harder, kneading each breast in my hand but making sure to keep rubbing her erect nipples.

She tilted her head back, breaking our kiss 'Suck my nipples.' She said breathlessly. I looked down at his still cupped chest in my hands, the

creamy flesh now speckled with pale and crimson from which my fingers had left marks in my eagerness.

She must have enjoyed everything I had done because she had her right hand on the waistband of her skirt. I lifted her right breast as far as possible, causing her to cry out as I stretched her out, lowering my head to that alluring nipple, wanting to taste and suck on the first breast of my adult life.

'WHAT ARE YOU DOING!'

Ava and I both jumped as Ms. Barnard screamed asking us questions. She knew at 1st grade in her reports we

had known academic parental, she was the oldest teacher here and called us both brain dead in class, a withered old woman who had scared death by leaving her life forever.

Ava tried to cover up, but nobody could button a shirt that fasts, besides how would you explain her bra on the floor anyway?

Ms. Barnard waited until I was decent, well enough decent as her nipples could be seen digging into her shirt as she was now without a bra, and we were shown to the principal's office.

Dr. LORENZO was the principal and first caretaker of Lily; she was a beautiful take on femininity itself. A tall, supple woman with her blonde hair still in a bun on her head. She was flat so had never really been a part of my fantasies, but I did know some of the guys loved her legs. She had a stern expression as Ms. Barnard explained the situation.

'I can't even believe it! The best and brightest in our school and the cheap whore, both in my office. What were you thinking?

I was stuck looking for an answer when Ava said, 'I thought I liked getting

my breasts massaged and going to get my nipples sucked. Things are always erect and need attention to say nothing of what is going on. in my... '

'That's enough girl.' Said, Principal LORENZO, although there seemed to be a lump in her throat and the way she looked Ava had changed in a way that I cannot describe.

‘And the best part of this is with Ava and I, like, I think that I had forgotten at times that at one point I wanted her love and she forgot that I didn’t want it back when I could not remember.’

Taking his attention away from Ava, LORENZO gave me a dirty look: 'Since this is your first offense here, for now I'll do without punishment the start of what would be lost of unforeseen punishments.' However, you must report to the school counselor at the end of the day. I will not have our best and brightest stumbling across the finish line.

‘You're fired.'

I got up quickly and left the office. The door closed behind me and I was so nervous and relieved that I had to lean against the door and catch my breath.

'What am I supposed to do with a bad girl like you?' I heard the manager ask.

'Anything you want, head of household.' Was Ava's shocking reply.

I wanted so much to listen but had enough problems already, so I did my best to wish the curtain in my pants would go away and set off for my next class.

The rest of the day was confusing. I had been further away than ever with a woman, being able to feel her warm breasts in my hands, I could not focus on anything else. I am just drifting

from class to class, my erection comes and goes like the tide. When the last bell rang, I was so distracted that I hardly heard it, I had planned to go to the bathroom and take matters into my own hands, but then I heard the school secretary come to the AP and call me to the counselor. It reminded me of Ms. LORENZO and Ava, and my erection had returned to full strength as I imagined all the ways our strict principle could have governed Ava.

So, I found myself in the spacious office of our guidance counselor, I had not met her before as she had just replaced

the previous one last month. The nameplate on his large solid oak desk said, Ms.Sana Herbert. The rest of the office was remarkably clutter-free except for a single laptop. The room had no windows, lit only by fluorescent lights from the ceiling.

A single potted plant above the filing cabinet in the left corner of the room provided the only natural color. I took the only other seat next to the one behind the desk.

The chair was large, closer to the size of a loveseat. I tried to focus on what to expect, but I could not stop thinking

about how Ava's nipples were hardening under my thumbs. 'Thanks, I have to say repeatedly to your call, I'll do my best.'

I hear a melody behind the door, it is light and lively with the slightest emphasis.

'Nevaeh...?'

Listen to me? That melodious voice has finally stopped all my fantasies. I finally saw his face. Yes, he had a bit of a double chin, but his pale skin with its light layer of freckles was framed by what I thought. Her natural hair made me take a breath in my throat. There was a natural beauty in this woman, like the

mother earth of myth, a symbol of rich fertility. These elders were interested in something with their sculptures of great women.

'I'm sorry, can you repeat the question?'

'What made you think that being with this girl was an innovative idea?'

I looked down at the carpet, not just out of embarrassment, but because it was hard to think clearly when I looked. 'I didn't think it was an innovative idea, it was just... well... my only option.'

'How could he pay to touch a girl's breasts to have been your only option? You're an incredibly intelligent young man, safe there was something else... '

'Yes, because people really care! Do you know how much you must sacrifice to be smart? I have no friends, I can talk to people enough to complete a project, but otherwise there is no time for anything else! I can barely talk to other guys, let alone girls. 'I blurted out.

'Oh, well, that means it was... I mean... uh.'

'Yes, I am a virgin, said Lily, along with probably the only one in this school. '

She tapped her fingers on the top of his desk as my confession floated in the air. Yes, it was pathetic. ‘Here I am, the biggest loser in the world.’

'Nevaeh, can you look at me?

‘The black-eyed children in white dresses are hunting me again.’ She said back in a whisper.

(I remembered as I went back into time)

My eyes lifted off the floor, went back to her desk, but stopped when I saw her still fully covered breasts resting on the desk.

Sitting had forced her stomach and even though her pink blouse showed no cleavage, heavy breasts were perfectly shaped for me. How could anyone walk with these things? Why would you leave the house? Give me that pair of boobs and I will be in bed all day every day. My erection came back as I watched the lady.

'I think I'm starting to understand your problem. My eyes are there. He said softly. I looked embarrassed into those

deep green eyes, as fascinating as her breasts. Her gaze broke with mine as she looked down and an embarrassed smile crossed her face. I followed his eyes and noticed that a black spot had formed on the front of my persimmons.

I covered up as fast as possible, I could feel my cheeks burn as she giggled softly. 'I'm really sorry! I don't know how...'

'It's okay Nevaeh. The body is a natural thing, there is no need to be ashamed. I've never let anyone enjoy my sight.'

'What?'

'You know come on, orgasm. I usually must work a little harder for this. 'She said with a laugh.

'But I didn't! This is just a bias I swear!'

'Prove it.' She said, her voice going to a lower register that made my balls tingle.

I hesitated for just a moment, then I got up, quickly unfastened my belt, and opened my legs. I pushed them and my skirt down, letting it show it was so wet that he glistened in the fluorescent light but swayed proudly in front of me. I

looked at her and those eyes were fascinated by my sight.

'All this and you never did this like this? It is a shame. You must rub off to something crazy. 'She said and then her pink tongue ran around her ruby red lips. been hard all day. 'I just nodded yes.

'Well, I'm not a nurse, but it can't be healthy. So why not sit in that chair and stroke it for me? We will take care of all of you and then you can think again. That is, it, sit down, make yourself comfortable. Now grab it and stroke it up and down, not too fast! Only languid movements. There is no need to rush.

'I threw off my shirt, so I was completely naked then tried my best to follow her instructions but being told how to touch myself by this vision of a girl made it difficult to respect.

It was so nice to watch her as I ran my hand along with myself, forcing more clear liquid from my pussy to wet my hand, then back in.

She moved her hand up and down in time with mine, demonstrating the pace he wanted. Her face turned red as he watched me cling to her every word.

I doubted she had ever done this before, either that or she just enjoyed

watching a twenty-one-year-old girl masturbate that is my teacher.

'That's it, keep pumping that soft pussy. Now take your free hand and play with the top parts. Those lips look so big and full of cum. Just massage them. Do not be shy. '

I'm not shy... you're the one behind the desk with all your clothes on.' I said with a confident and typically arrogant or aggressive gait or manner that I did not hear.

'That's right.' she said and opened a drawer on the side of the desk

and put away the laptop and the nameplate.

Then she got up and quickly took off her red blouse.

I was in awe when those giant breasts were finally exposed to me.

Since I had not seen her nipples slip into her shirt, I thought she was wearing a bra, but as she lifted her blouse her chest moved with it and her boobs gloriously fell out of their fabric prison to bounce against her stomach and sway freely, I understood that I was wrong.

She spoke and licked her cum from between my breasts. Already started stroking again. She smiled at me as soon as she finished cleaning.

Then she put her hands to her waist and undid her skirt in the same way I undid mine. She slipped it off and stood in front of me in all her natural glory. She said I am done already being his wife. I want to play and remember what it is like to be a kid.

I tried to see if her pussy hair was pink on the inside too, there was so much of that luscious belly on display, creamy skin. She leaned back on the desk,

making it creak, and you started to simply rub her stomach and breasts, enjoying all her flesh as much as I was in her sight.

'Come here.' She speaks. I was up and down from her in an instant. 'Do you like everything you see? Do you like watching a big girl play with her breasts and belly? Am I making your virgin pussy hard again? '

'I am not a virgin.' Said, Nevaeh.

‘Really?’

She has lots of freckles on her face that extended down her neck and even darken at the top of her neckline.

Flecks of golden orange ran down her milky white skin before disappearing just before the redness of her areolas and small flat nipples.

Her right breast was also about an inch longer than mine and looked fuller than mine, although enormous to me looking at my size yet who would have complained.

She walked around the desk to lean against it, her eyes fixed on mine, his right hand still pointing at my step.

Do you want to stare at these fat breasts and just rub them off? That girl you were with seems flat compared to

these.’ 'How...' I barely stammered as she started shaking them, making them move back and forth like the wave of a twilight tide.

'How significant? Does that make you more arduous, a little girl obsessed with my breasts?

Well, they are not the same size, but I am around 40M and still growing. Doctors call it macromastia, I call it a boob lover's dream. They are so huge and full. I bet you want to come everywhere. To let you go and jump as hard as you can. Think you have enough to dress up these giant boobs? Go ahead and get up,

move over here, and see how much you have. I love licking a man's salty cum off my breasts. '

My hand was blurred as I managed to get up. With her dirty talk and those huge boobs, I knew I was not going to last long. As I approached her, she leaned forward, letting those two pieces of breast meat hang in the air. I cannot even see the rest of her, just those giant breasts.

'That's it, faster baby! I want that cum! I demand that prominent load on these boobs, can you give me what I need

Nevaeh? Can you give me that cum please?'

I felt that load rise from my toes.

I was grunting like an animal and she started this excited laugh as the first trickle of cum shot from me and splashed against her left breast.

I have never come this much before.

Six or seven hard hits before others started poking out of the climax. She reached out and grabbed my pussy, pulled me closer, and massaged my pussy

head into the soft warmth of her breasts, making sure not to miss a drop.

'What a good girl. Now sit back down. I do not need you to get stunned now. 'She announced as she stood up to her full height. I did as I was told and then watched in wonder as she lifted her right breast and began licking my cum off her tit. My pussy had not completely settled when watching her eat my cum made me aroused again.

She noticed it and smiled: 'Principal LORENZO says I have to do whatever it takes to make sure she main schoolchild doesn't hesitate.

Well, if you are distracted by that development in class, you could be left behind, so that is our thing you keep hushed to all.

I want you here an hour before your class starts and for at least an hour after school and this is what we can do in a hush. I'll make sure you have a clear idea for your lessons. '

‘Okay!’

Yes, Miss. Stackawitz.' I said mesmerized her body moved as her hands kneaded her breasts or shook her belly.

'I think a woman who just came on my boobs can call me by name.' She laughed. 'Tell me what you want.'

‘Before you go...Nevaeh, I need to know that I want... I want... fuck you even if all those kids you think you need to like do not! Oh, I am sorry, I should not… say this. 'She reached out, bringing a finger to my lips, and silenced me.

When I finally stopped trying to speak, she folded her finger under my chin and guided me closer, then pulled me into her warm body.

Her lips found mine and the second kiss of my life was even better than the first.

Not that I knew what I was doing, but she did. Her hands lift my arms and lift them so that I would hug her just like she hugged me.

Her tongue pierced my lips and ran his nails lightly up and down my back.

My pussy was now back to its full strength and I loved the way it finally felt pressed against his warm body.

I pressed against her as hard as I could, her breasts moving so that I was

between them and I could feel one on each side as if she were getting ready to finger fuck my entire body.

That was when I felt it, the tip of my pussy finding the point where his skin led into space, waiting for me to enter. I was finally about to be inside a pussy! I started kissing her hard, put my tongue in her mouth, and pushed my hips forward.

It was tighter than I ever imagined! Her ring slowly expanded around my dickhead.

She groaned as I started rocking in and out, but the pressure was not relaxing on my fingers.

How deep did I have to be in her for this?

Her vaginal walls took a second to reach, but eventually my pussy was squeezed in her flesh prison. Then it flashed in my climax, I must have reached her cervix.

I had heard some teenage girls like me in my first-year Gym class an athlete type of girl saying to her changing body girls of next to her, in the locker-room in-between the lockers, talk about this, about how if you were long enough you could fuck a girl so deep and good that she would gladly make you cum I

never thought I would be one of those girls like this. Her hands left my back, and she broke our kiss with a gasp.

'Damn girl! You are extravagant! I love it! I can only feel you in my stomach. No one has ever done this before. Leave it to a virgin... ugh... that is it! Harder! Let me hear you!'

‘Again, I am not one of those…’

Her encouragement put me in sexual confusion this is when this started, I remembered this was the start of this.

It was my first time with a girl, and I was already so fucked so good in my

younger life that she even though I was begging for more.

Part of me was already imagining our future or what mine would be if this were to get out, or if that were just the plain of the plot to trick me, even so, I could not stop the feeling.

By doing this twice a day for the rest of the year, is it true that boy got you pregnant? I do not remember what I remember saying.

I am going to graduate even if, and someday get an excellent job, and marry this big, beautiful man that I love. I am pushing harder and harder into my

fantasies and my biology is pushing me forward.

She grunted amid shouts of encouragement. Just yesterday, I was nobody to her mind, now lips deep in this beautiful creature, I pushed hard one last time into her, and I held while my lips exploded. I screamed as I came, feeling my seed run down me to be deep within her. There was more and it lasted longer than before.

As I went downstairs, I cradled her face in my hands and showered her with kisses. 'It's okay... okay... I will be a good

woman! Know that you will take care of yourself and our children Nevaeh.